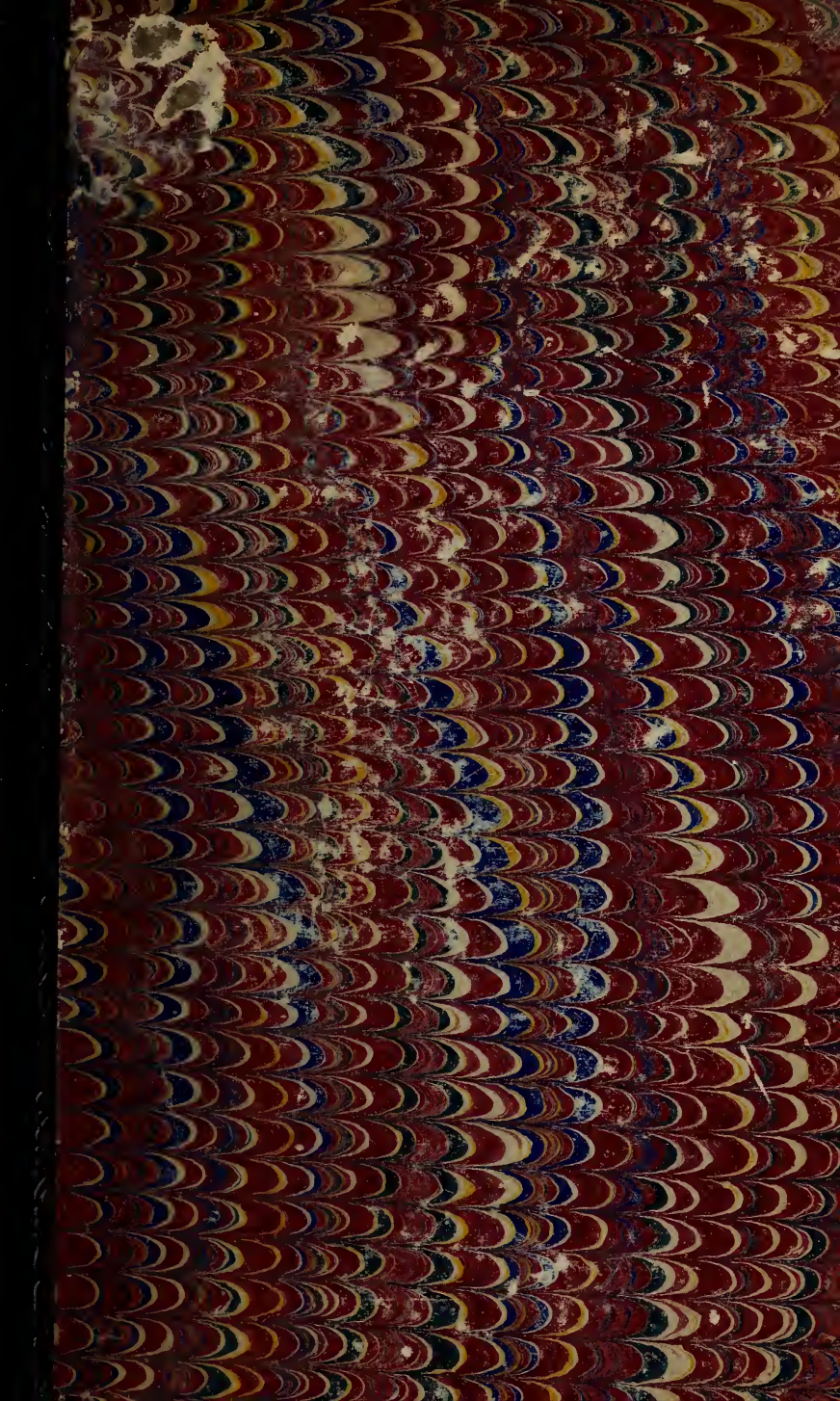




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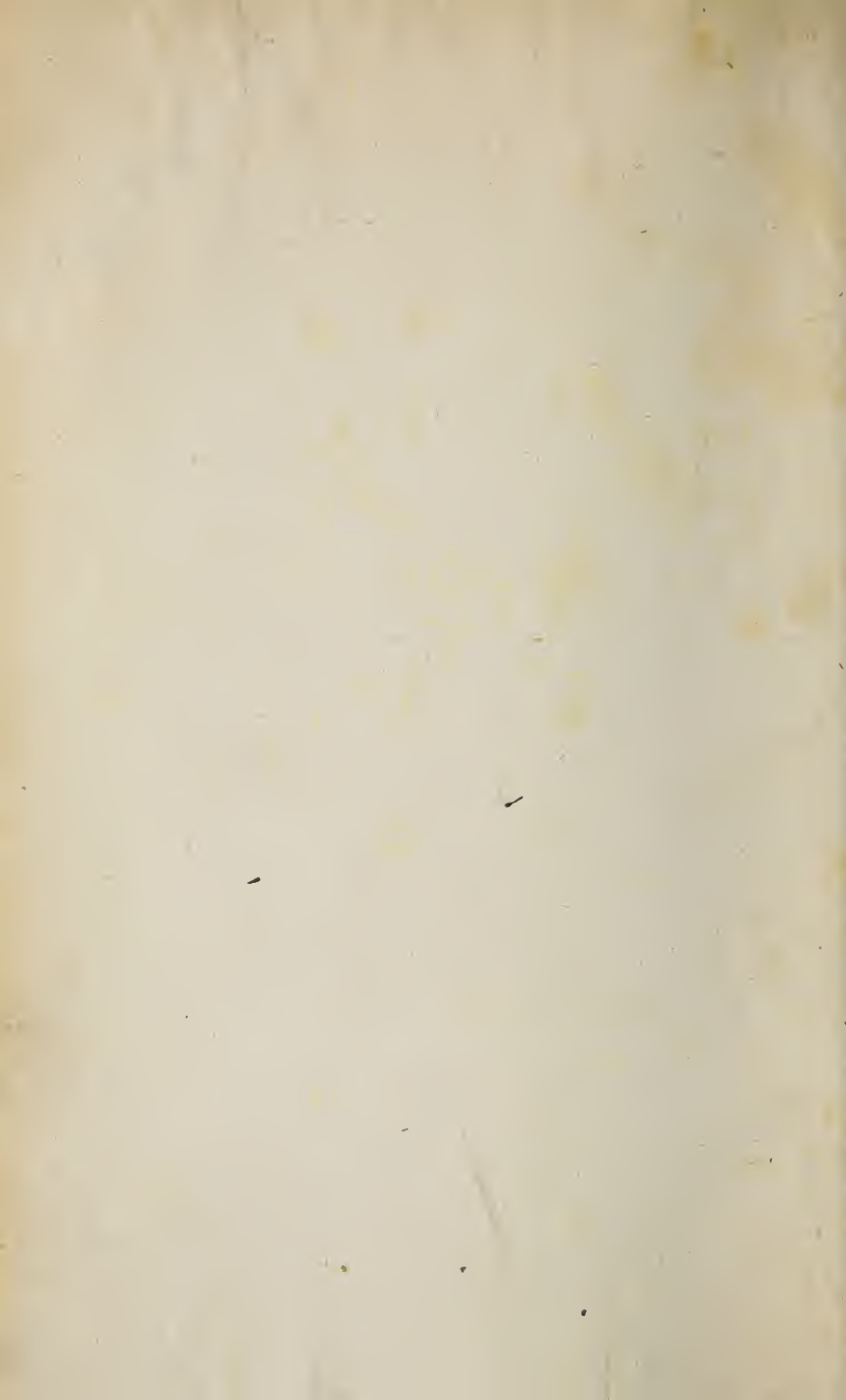


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MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S
COMPOS'D AT

Newfoundland,

ON

Board his Majesty's Ship the *Kinsale*.

By B. LACY, *A. M.* then Chaplain to the said Ship.



L O N D O N:

Printed for the A U T H O R, MDCCXXIX.

699.



TO THE

Lady BRADSHAIGH,
*Of Haigh in the County Palatine
of Lancashire.*

MADAM,



THE following Poems are the product of a few leisure hours, either on our Passage to *Newfoundland*, or else in the Harbour at *St. John's*; and as their Author is a mere Water-Poet, so is it not to be expected, that they should appear as polish'd, as perhaps time, with more agreeable Circumstances, might have enabled him.

He

He is no way ambitious of any great Patron : Neither is he of that supple make to court the Favour of great Names by any servile Art of Adulation; (the main Step which most take to compass their ambitious Expectations) But being once determin'd to publish these Pieces, he could not long demur with himself, to whom he had best Dedicate and devote them : It is to be acknowledg'd, he wav'd the customary Ceremony of craving your Permission for it ; for he fear'd, that would be to bespeak your peremptory denial; being very well appriz'd, how little you desire to be publicly distinguished : But, as you have been truly a very kind encourager of him and his Labours, and no less a judge of manly Sense, and ingenious Performances of every kind ; therefore is he embolden'd to dedicate them (such as they are) to your Ladyship ; who did, with an hearty good Will, engage very many of his kind Benefactors

nefactors to contribute towards enabling him to send the said Poems abroad into the World. Your Ladyship has no need of being flatter'd either by the Pencil or the Pen ; and the singular perfections both of your Body and Mind are in no want of being oblig'd by Painter or Dedicator ; but as what you have actually done was a seasonable Instance of your Goodness and their Generosity, and intended to minister some comfort to a Family who has been hitherto too burthensome to the Parent that supports them ; so does it call for all the suitable Thanks that a grateful Heart can possibly utter ; neither could he fail inserting his publick Acknowledgements for the same, not only to your self in particular, but to all those other worthy Persons, who chearfully follow'd so good a President.

But here the Author is constrain'd, in Point of Duty, to take leave to return his sincere Thanks to Lord *V---re*, under whose Conduct it is hap-

py for those in a Sea-faring Capacity to serve :
A Nobleman of such strict Honour as needs no
one necessary Ingredient to render him not on-
ly an excellent Commander, but true Christian
Hero ; having set out in an ensnaring World,
well principled with right Notices of Religion
and Morality ; a walking Example likewise of
Sobriety, and every other ornamental Virtue
which can denominate a truly great Man ; and
consequently, will always esteem and value those
most, who endeavour to copy after his laudable
Pattern ; nor will he fail to promote and ad-
vance such (whenever it may be in his Power)
who continue most diligent in the discharge of
their several Stations. Seeing therefore, that a
Goodness so extensive and unconfin'd as my
Lord *V---re's*, cannot consist with Secrecy, nor
lie hid under a Veil ; the Author must not re-
gard, how little so modest and reserv'd a Tem-
per as his will bear, but what all Orders of
Men

Men will look for and expect, whenever his Lordship's Name comes to be mentioned.

No wonder then, that such Numbers of young Gentlemen of Quality, and others little less Noble, should voluntarily press to attend his Lordship in every successive Voyage, and greedily catch at the Opportunity of getting under his immediate Care. It was at least, a prudent Choice in their discerning Parents and Friends so to place them; many of whom, in all probability, may hereafter have their Account in the Management of the *British* Navy (the Bulwark of our own Kingdoms, and the Terror of all about us) when this Dedicator's Dust shall lie mellowing in the silent Grave, the Place where all sublunary Things shall be forgotten.

Having paid this Debt to my much honour'd Lord (whose hereditary Accomplishments receive an huge addition from his personal Merits)

rits) your Ladyship may be assured, that the Author, both by inclination and in justice, is bound to have an extraordinary Regard for you; and to whom (with every Branch of your ancient House) he doth cordially Wish an abundant encrease of all temporal Happiness and Blessings, being laid under a strict Obligation ever to remain with great Sincerity,

Your Ladyship's

Most humble Servant

B. LACY.

MISCEL-



MISCELLANEOUS
P O E M S.

A
DESCRIPTION
OF
NEWFOUNDLAND.



THE Ship *Kinsale* was by the King's
Command

Order'd to fail forthwith to *Newfound-*
land.

May GOD (presiding over Land and Seas,
And who alone can raging Winds appease)

B

Breath

Breath on our Sails a prosp'rous Wind,
 So smooth our Passage to the Ports assign'd !
 Then I, in home-spun Lines and humble Verse,
 Will e'ery thing remarkable rehearse.

THIS worthless Isle lies from the *British* Shore
 North-west six hundred forty Leagues and more ;
 ELLIOT and THORN in good Queen BESSE's Reign
 Did, by a Royal Patent, leave obtain
 To plant a Colony, and there remain.

We did arrive at our long-wish'd for Bay
 Of *July*'s Month precise the sixteenth Day,
 And straightway did our strongest Anchor cast
 In ground, whereon our Ship might ride full fast.
 When we had got a proper Birth in sight,
 That all *Placentia* plainly see us might,
 The Bombardeers within that costly Fort,
 (Which stood the Nation thousands by report)
 With nimble speed by order did resort,

Eleven roaring Cannon strait to fire ;
Which well perform'd, those Gunners did retire.
Our Cannons roar'd as loud and well as they,
The wonted Obligation to repay.

THE warlike Governour next sent a Message
By a meager Wretch of swarthy Visage,
To wish my Lord his Health for all the Season,
Designing soon to come himself in Person.
This aukward Messenger repair'd on board
To bring the said Respects unto my Lord,
Whose motly Character I scarce can utter ;
Some rightly stile him apish Fopling Flutter :
At his approach he made a formal Leg,
And present Audience from my Lord did beg :
He next some cleanly Papers did produce,
Which he suppos'd to be of mighty use :
These were some recommending Letters
Gain'd by request from much his Betters,

4 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Cram'd with impertinent untruths good store,
 Directed to the present Commadore.
 When our good Lord his Testimonies read,
 (No matter what return he thereto made)
 Enter they did on very serious Talk,
 And many turns on Quarter-deck did walk ;
 The Subject doubtless was of mighty Kings,
 He could not stoop to treat of meaner things ;
 Giving his weighty judgment of the Czar,
 Or, of the *Spanish* Baulk at *Gibraltar* ;
 Vainly he spew'd out empty words at will,
 Enough a Man of serious thought to kill,
 Of buzzing noise he cou'd discharge his fill ;
 And could distort his supple Limbs much faster
 Than *VIOLANTE* or any Posture-master ;
 Or with a fulsome ceremonious Grace
 Fling frequent Salutations in your face.
 My Lord, (quoth he) I thoroughly know your Fame,
 And am assur'd, you have adorn'd your name .

With

With noble Actions done in Days o'erpast,
 Which must in *British* Annals ever last,
 And will pursue the pleasing Path of Glory
 To shine more famous yet in modern Story.
 Thus he display'd his bare-fac'd Impudence,
 Thereby declaring he had no pretence
 Either to decent Manners or good Sense:
 He had in this audacious road of Rant
 Proceeded on to stun him with such Cant,
 But whilst he prattled on in noisy jaw,
 Loath to be worried quite by this Jack-Straw,
 My Lord took wisely one large nimble stride,
 And step'd where chowder Captains did abide ;
 Who did, at awful distance, modest stand
 To welcome him to this surprizing Land :
 When these their civil Compliments had paid,
 And in few Words a decent greeting said,
 They did, in time, withdraw like knowing Men,
 And to their sundry Huts return'd again.

But this poor Mortal still per force remain'd,
 And to each one on Deck discourse he feign'd.
 At length he did Lieutenant F I T C E espy,
 And in great wonderment aloud did cry,
 I'm glad with all my Heart and Soul to see
 The Face of such a faithful Friend as thee ;
 With that he whip'd him round his plumpy waste,
 Slob'ring his blushing Chops like any Beast.
 At this the good Man's ruddy Cheeks did glow,
 And disengag'd from him he scarce knew how ;
 When in return he said, Your Servant, Sir,
 Extreemly griev'd to see him make such stir,
 And wisely thought, if thus he'd persevere,
 None could from sneering Ridicule forbear.
 The Spark perceiving now all did him shun,
 In great disdain from out the Ship did run,
 And mutter'd sorely in his grumbling Spirit,
 That ill-bred Tars could not distinguish Merit ;
 Or they must certainly have me caress'd,
 When I so finely too in Gold was dress'd,

So fitly able likewise to rehearse
Fine Compliments in Bombast, Prose, or Verse,
Can push them out either in Cart or Tearce ;
And can with poinant Language keenly cut
The stubborn Heart of e'en the coyest Slut ;
For I have long a graceful figure made
In this Accomplishment of cringing Trade :
But how should stupid Tars be complaisant,
A worthy Part I'm sure they never learnt ;
So I'm resolv'd to make my future Honours
To such as know the pink of modish Manners ;
Nor will I ever once more care a Fig
For any ill-bred, sawcy, careless Prig.
Thus we got rid of this unthinking Guest,
And had from his Impertinence some rest.

NEXT Morning came the Governour aboard,
Who found us safely riding in the Road ;
In boat with whom came Presents not a few,
Which are by immemorial Custom due :

8 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

My Lord the Man a proper welcome gave,
But would not Fish, nor Wine, nor Rum receive ;
For, as he knew him charg'd with some Offence,
He would not byass'd be on no pretence.

A striving Muse inclines my teeming brain
At this Man's Character to try a strain ;
And sing the Heroe who does rule them all,
Having his Vassals at his ready call :
For to neglect his Honour clad in Furr,
Would, I believe, be deem'd a mighty Slur.
He is a Native of our Northern Clime,
And (JANUS like) hath chang'd with e'ery time ;
Was Tory staunch when he acquir'd that Post,
And daily did a foreign Int'rest toast ;
But, rather than from thence be sent away,
Did all his former Principles gainsay,
Acting just like the Vicar once at *Bray*.
A fullen Pride doth on his Brow appear ;
If any good he does, it's out of fear ;

He

He keeps his People in a servile State,
Tells 'em, they must comply, but never prate.
There does each year arrive at this sad Place
Some thirty Masters of *Danmonian* Race,
These he with wonted Discipline austere
Doth, in despotick sort, treat most severe,
As their Memorials do make appear,
Alledging, they are Subjects of his Throne,
And shall, when there, a just Allegiance own.
Thus, Tyrant like, he doth his Sway exert,
And free-born Traders much annoy and hurt,
Engrossing Gain in Commerce to himself,
To fill his purse with much ill-gotten Pelf:
Proceed they may to murmur, or complain
Or send Remonstrances in mourning Strain,
Still he will rule them with a servile Rein:
And as they are, as yet, the weaker Side,
They feel the weight of his most cruel Pride.

Thus

Thus a base Temper doth incline his Heart
 O'er these poor Men to act a rigid Part ;
 Nor does he heed a Commadore a F--t ;
 Nay, both in Fraud and Cunning doth excell,
 But of his sorry Pranks no more I'll tell.

HERE stands the Garrison of mighty force,
 Which all the Island must secure on course :
 But if the Pyrates came, they'd spare to fight,
 And wisely hide themselves from their grim sight,
 Rather than undertake to give them battle,
 Or any way oppose such bloody Cattle,
 Who do dismember those they overcome,
 Or give them back-to-back a watry Tomb.
 But how can these against a Foe march out,
 When all their strength is one decrepid rout
 Of forty Invalids, by far more fit
 In Chimney-corner quietly to sit ?
 Who scarce can wield the Broad-sword or a Gun,
 But would, if they had Heels, be sure to run,

And

And early save themselves by speedy flight,
Rather than stand to charge in open fight.

THIS place an House of Prayer has, it's true,
Alas! but visited by very few;
Besides, the People are but badly serv'd,
The Shepherd absent, so the Flock is starv'd:
The Government maintains a Priest to preach,
And all the saving truths of Christ to teach;
But rather than reside with them to pray,
He takes the Coin, and from them stays away:
The Governour, some think, does snack the Pence,
And with Non-residence can well dispence.
But surely he that thus neglects his Cure,
To look into his Conscience can't endure;
For that must tell him, he is in the wrong
The Fleece to take, and not to dwell among
Such famish'd Souls; who, if they had been taught,
Might soon from fundry evil ways be brought.

THE Church too at St. *John's* a Priest can shew,
Which you from all the rest may easy know ;
Whose old offences made him change his Name,
But not his morals ; for he's still the same ;
A High-priest both in thought and stature,
(To know the rest it is no great matter)
And yet, who can forbear the 'Truth to tell ?
Which all that once have seen him know full well.
He has a common share of manly Sense,
But all his Life is one barefac'd Offence ;
A scandalous notorious Liver ;
An undisguised drunken Sinner ;
Who deals with common Prostitutes, and swears
A rounder hand than our unthinking Tars,
Nor other Acts of Wickedness forbears :
He surely can't Religion have at heart,
Who don't for study some time set apart ;
Or else whose conduct mightily disgrace
What he delivers in that sacred Place ;

For

For Christian Truths can't meet a due respect
 From such as know he does God's Laws reject.
 That Pastor then that leaves the narrow way,
 And by his Vices cause the Flock to stray,
 Will dearly rue the mischief he hath wrought,
 By living counter to the Truths he taught :
 But this Man's Life doth right and wrong confound,
 And Crimes in him in e'ery shape are found.
 May all the Clergy then be grave and wise !
 Or it's in vain to talk of Paradise ;
 True Reformation never can prevail,
 While Precepts govern, and Examples fail.

MOST that inhabit are a frightful Tribe,
 Whose Characters I cannot well describe ;
 Who, like *Siberians*, lonely here reside,
 And, in a willing Banishment, abide.
 It is this sottish People's common use
 To warm their Veins with an Infernal Juice,

Both

14 *Miscellaneous* P O E M S.

Both Men and Women do this Liquor choofe,
 And rarely keep the Bottle from their Nofe.
 In both thofe Harbours many, I dare fay,
 Do drink fome Quarts of Spirits in a Day ;
 For with confounded Rum they ever ftink
 Far worfe than any filthy common Sink :
 Thus all their Aim is merely to delight
 The Cravings of a naughty Appetite.

SOME fifty Cottages or more do ftand,
 Lock'd up within each rugged Creek of Land,
 Not built of lafting Stone or well-burnt Brick,
 But rear'd on Poles which in the Ground do ftick,
 And cover'd over with new-fafhion'd Thatch
 Of Birchen Rine, or what they firft can catch ;
 Within which Sties themfelves at night they fhelter
 From both Extreame of fultury and cold Weather ;
 And lodge upon the Skin of fome Wild-beaft,
 On whose rank Flefh they firft had made a feaft.

Their

Their Household-stuff consists of Wooden-ware,
 In which they eat and drink their homely fare ;
 Since all variety consists in one Dish,
 The [undry Parts of Ling or Cod-fish,
 Plenty of which upon the Banks abound,
 Nay great abundance near the Shore is found ;
 For which Commodity it's worth ones while
 To see how many Hands do work and toil :
 And none can hardly credit, what a number
 Each Ship and Boat doth take in e'ery Summer ;
 Whose Product doth to no small Sum amount,
 And at the Markets turns to great account :
 For *Spain* or *Italy* could never fast,
 But as in Lent dry Fish is good repast :
 Nay both those Kingdoms yield so little Meat,
 That Fish is mostly what the Poor do eat.

WHEN once this fishing Trade begins to cease,
 Each Ship prepares to run away apace ;

Lest

Left Winter's Cold, with Snow and pinching Frost,
 Shou'd freeze them in the Harbours to their cost,
 Or else fall in with Ice, and so be lost. }

For when the North-west winds begin to blow,
 All prudent Folks conclude it time to go.

THE N who remains, with speed repair their Cell
 Where they and theirs are gladly forc'd to dwell ;
 Nor dare creep thence, 'till Summer's genial Sun
 Doth chear the Earth, and with its warm Beams burn.
 A sad case this ! yearly to stand in fear
 Of being starv'd, if to peep out they dare, }
 So keen's the Frost, and nipping sharp the Air.

DURING the Winter's Rage, they lie and hear
 The dismal Noise of many a hungry Bear,
 Or Troops of howling Wolves, who nightly roar,
 And rove about for somewhat to devour :

When

When if per chance they meet a starving Deer,
Who swiftly flies away with panick fear,
Him they furround, and quick to pieces tear.
And so range on to catch a farther Prey,
Stroling about with uncontrouled fway,
And wander where they list by Night or Day :
For none turns out their Progreſs to oppoſe,
Leſt he in that Attempt ſhould loſe his Noſe.

Who then can repreſent this diſmal Place ?
(Thrown by itſelf to be the World's diſgrace)
For whate'er offers to my preſent view,
Looks truly frightful with a ghafly hue ;
Numbers of craggy Rocks hang o'er the Sea,
Yielding an horrid proſpect from each Bay :
The Mountains lofty Tops do mount ſo high,
As if they proudly meant to reach the Sky :
The Land within is all a Wood entire,
That any home-bred Mortal muſt admire,

What frenzy could unhappy Men besot,
 To settle where scarce Food is to be got.
 If Eatables within the Country grows,
 Its hitherto what no Enquirer knows:
 No painful Peasant breaks up this hard Ground,
 Nor scarce a Blade of Grain can here be found;
 No studious Need doth useful Arts explore
 From well-till'd Fields to reap the fruitful Store.
 Tough Spruce does choak the Land instead of Corn,
 And an unthrifty Crop of Weeds is borne:
 Nay truly this bad Soil all Good denies,
 And nothing can be sown, and nothing rise.
 Thus the whole Island, or by Nature curst,
 Or Fate's decree, is certainly the worst
 Of any Spot, which on the Globe doth lie,
 Beneath the Covering of the starry Sky.

A wretched Life, I may pronounce, they lead,
 Nor can they any formal Reason plead,

Why

Why they remain all the long Winter there,
 Unless to see their native home they fear ;
 Alike unhappy with those Vassals sent,
 Condemn'd in Mines to suffer punishment,
 A due Reward for some flagitious Crime
 By them committed in their thoughtless prime.
 I could expatiate, but that I fear
 So mean a Subject might offend your Ear :
 And therefore e'er I end I needs must say,
 Happy are they that can in *Britain* stay,
 And from their native Shore ne'er strole away ;
 Receiving easy Food from Nature's hand,
 And just returns of cultivated Land ;
 Whose home-bred Plenty does the Owner bless,
 And rural Pleasures crowns his Happiness ;
 Where, thanks to Heav'n ! a Monarch's on the Throne,
 With Lustre only by himself outshone ;
 Compass'd with Sages, Wisdom humbly waits
 To bless his Counsels, and adorn his Gates ;

Belov'd by wealthy Subjects, so commands
 Their Hearts, their Purfes, and (if need) their Hands:
 We Sailors add with one united Mind,
 Tho' Bigot *Rome* and *Perkin* were conjoin'd,
 We'd fail with Joy where e'er Lord *V--e* commands,
 To rout fuch footy Foes in diftant Lands.
 That G E O R G E our King may fafe poffefs his Throne;
 Blefs'd in a Royal Ifue of his own.
 O may the Prince with e'ery Virtue fhine,
 Proper to grace his moft illuftrious Line!
 And may the Church a fure Protector have
 Supported by a Head fo truly brave!
 May wholefome Laws abide more fix'd than Fate,
 And C A R O L I N A go to Heaven Late.





A
T A L E
O F
P U G.



E MUSES, ever fair and young!

With fitting strains inspire my Song;

Since I a Subject, have in view,

That is to Rhimers somewhat New:

For now, within my lab'ring Breast,

PUG's story I have well express'd:

Lend therefore your attentive Ear,

And those my Thoughts will soon appear.

'And happy she, who had the Honour
To have this Task impos'd upon her.
If Mopsy, by rude Servants kick,
Or other accident, fell sick ;
The learned Doctor soon is brought,
To tell what of her Case he thought ;
'And to apply some Remedy,
To heal Mop of her Malady :
'And if he cou'd not work a cure,
My Lady did her self immure,
Nor cou'd the Maids her whims endure.
Resolving not to take her Diet,
Or give her Women any quiet ;
'Till some skill'd Hand work't Mopsies ease ;
'And then, the House enjoy'd its peace ;
And happy he that did think good,
Immediately to let her Blood.
" Thus, our ill-govern'd Passions move,
" If ought disturb th' object of our love :

Nay, some Report, the Undertakers
 (Those stil'd by most, well-scented Vultures)
 About the House, like Owls did hover,
 To watch if Mopsy wou'd recover ;
 If not, to pray, that they may have
 Leave to convey her to the Grave ;
 Knowing, her Ladyship no Cost wou'd spare,
 To bury one in Pomp, she lov'd so dear.

“ Just as Lord *Mo-----th*, on a Day,
 “ Did them employ to carry *Tray* ;
 “ To bury him in Holy Ground,
 “ Which Act did to his Honour much redown'd ;
 “ But that a sawcy Priest took heart,
 “ Who bid them all, like Knaves depart,
 “ Not valuing Lord, or *Tray*, a F——t.

At length, kind Mop vouchsafes to breed,
 Then all the Misses hie with speed,
 To gain the promise of a Puppy,
 And think themselves extreamly lucky ;

This mighty suit to gain, for why?
 Those who are vers'd in Beauty ; cry,
 “ They never saw so fine a Creature
 “ (Her Head so short, her Limbs so taper,
 “ Can tear a Fan, and cut a Caper)
 “ Nor doth she want one graceful Feature ;
 “ Besides, she's nothing but good Nature.”

}

So mistress *Betty*, here's a Crown,
 If you'll be pleas'd to put me down ;
 That when Mop does in pieces fall,
 My Maid you to the Labour call :
 That I a whelp may next obtain,
 From this so beautiful a strain.
 The Maid, with her good breeding said,
 Your Ladyship shall sure be sped.
 Miss then bids *Tom* to call a Chair,
 And with content, doth Home repair ;
 And tells Mamma, that she had got
 The promise of a little Rat,

Which .

Which she to Park, in Coach wou'd take,
 And shou'd at bed and board partake,
 Both for its own, and Mopsies sake.

P U G, by descent is of this race,
 As I her noble Line do trace,
 And imitates her Dam apace;
 Nor will her Ancestry disgrace,
 If I have Skil in Puppy's Face.
 "Mighty then is the Advantage,
 "Gain'd from a High-born Parentage;
 "But better still, if we do merit,
 "And vertuous Fruits still do Inherit:"
 But how she is in our Possession,
 Is not for me a proper Question;
 We may be thankfully content,
 If she's but for the Voyage lent;
 To bear his Lordship company,
 As he Sails o'er the briny Sea;

“ So to Divert his dumpish Hours,
 “ Since e’ry Mortal sometimes low’rs”:
 But now she is commenc’d a Tar,
 Got from her Brethren very far;
 Six hundred forty Leagues and more,
 From Mopfy and her native Shore;
 Its fruitless to repent her Bargain,
 Nor value where she goes a Farthing:
 Tho’, it would vex one of her Birth,
 To visit such a barren Earth;
 Or set her Foot upon a Strand,
 That leads to such a footy Land.
 When she Surveys this dismal Isle,
 She will believe her self an Exile;
 And marvel what’s her deadly Crime,
 To be trepan’d to such a Clime;
 But if it chance to yield good chear,
 A Share is hers she need not fear:
 For, Proverb like, pray what says *Pluck*?
 The greater Slut, the better luck:

For

For why, if she had fought the Land,
 She had not fell in better Hand.

One, who can weigh all her Merit,
 And yet, when need, her Tail can ferret.

“ Like Mothers, who, with pleasure clap,
 “ The Babbies Bums a cros the Lap”.

I can, howe’er, espy one Fault,
 Which is, she’s better fed than taught :

For tho’, she must not eat too much,

Yet in its Nature it is such,

As Suits a Bitch of such a rank,

That must not Puffy grow, but flank.

“ As Mothers girt with Stay of Tape,

“ The Girls, to make them fine in Shape.”

So to preserve Pug in good health,

Whate’re she eats, is most by stealth ;

For it is deem’d a sorry Deed,

If any should her kindly feed ;

In this Respect it is an Evil,

To be to Pug extreamly civil ;

But

But as she lives by sparing Rule,
She does not often go to Stool,
Is mighty cleanly, pretty Fool!
For Servants need not fear she'll shed,
Her Excrement upon the Bed;
Like nasty Curs, who daily scatter
In Room of State their filthy Water,
To whom the Maids do wish a Halter.

As Pug is clean, sometimes she's kind;
And if the Humour takes her Mind,
She can with Art her Love display,
That none her kindness can gainfay,
Or from her fondlings, turn away.

" Like Strumpet vile, with brazen Brow,
" Who gets her Bread, I know not how:
" When she can catch a filly Cull,
" And give him Pox his Belly full;
" With fawning Words dears him her honey,
" But her Design's upon his Money.

“ So sends him home with weeping crows;

“ To moan his gettings, and his loss.”

Her Kindred sure does use the Court;

Since she at Folks can make such Sport;

And flatter him, with a good Grace,

Whom she forgets in little space.

“ So if some Minister of State,

“ (On whom we place Dependance great)

“ Doth condescend an Ear to lend,

“ And promise but to be our Friend;

“ Our Happiness we judge compleat,

“ When all he said was one grand Cheat;

“ For he at first did ne’er design,

“ Nor so much as in Thought incline,

“ Your oft repeated Suit to grant,

“ As you the chief Ingredient want;

“ For all have learnt from Story old,

“ That nought prevails at Court like Gold.”

But to return; Pug doth not fail,

In fawning fort to wag her Tail;

Then

Then into Lap to give a Skip,
So round the Table freely trip,
And if she deign to lick your Face,
Sure then you are in happy Case;
And think you may hereafter find,
That she'll to you be always kind;
But that I know's a vulgar Error,
For she has put my Legs in terror;
When I believ'd there was a Truce,
Nor did I look for such Abuse.
No, when she's out of her Lord's Sight,
(Forgetting Love) can closely bite;
More do this Bill against her write,
If they too durst the Truth indite.
“ But who can humour always shew ?
“ Since it in her will ebb and flow,
“ And few their Minds can long foreknow.
“ All Love being like our fickle Clime,
“ Will change with Accident or Time.”

When oft on Deck alone I've walk'd,
 Suppose with any other talk'd;
 If Pug appear'd, it was a chance,
 If some young Blades did not advance;
 And pay their Compliment to Pug,
 In many a close and hearty hug;
 Sure she must bill like some fond Lass,
 That Gentlemen can't let her pass,
 Until she's forc'd her love to shew,
 (Whether she be in Tune or no)
 Before they'll ever let her go.

“ Thus with her Bitchship some may Sport,
 “ When to the Lord they'd make their Court :
 “ Like Members of the *Romish* Fry,
 “ Who don't their Vows to God apply,
 “ But rather woo some Holy Saint,
 “ To recommend to him their Complaint.
 “ Some are by Temper prone to flatter,
 “ And rarely want a Subject matter;

“ Nor

- “ Nor feldom an Occafion fail,
 “ At abfent Neighbours for to rail.
 “ And (*Gnatbo* like) who wou’d indeed
 “ Secure a Friend in time of need,
 “ Doth wife, in a corrupted State,
 “ Plain dealing rigidly to hate,
 “ And in its ftead infinuate:
 “ And then, he need at no time fear,
 “ To have of worldly Goods his fhare;
 “ Elfe he in Life a Blank may be,
 “ And move in mean Capacity.
 “ For griping Penury furrounds,
 “ Numbers of Wits in *British* Towns;
 “ Who, if they cou’d acquire good Ale,
 “ Might chant out many a merry Tale;
 “ And not aloft in Garret vile,
 “ Drink acid Tiff, fo Poet fpoil:
 “ For, if I did not drink fome Water,
 “ Perhaps my Lines had been much better;

}

On this Account let none me blame,
 To chuse Pug for the present Theme;
 And so immortalize her Name.

But what can I in truth add more ?
 I have unravell'd all my Store,
 Unless I stile her, cowardly Whore :
 But this is wrong in me to Name,
 As it redounds to her great shame ;
 For, tho' when back'd she makes a Noise,
 And hectors o'er the little Boys ;
 Yet, if she hears a Pig but squeak,
 She flies as if she'd break her Neck ;
 She was not then cut out to Fight,
 Nor in a Battle would she bite ;
 For, when we do discharge a Gun,
 (Like me) she's always apt to run ;
 And Sneakingly clap down her Tail,
 And sadly her dear self bewail ;

Wishing

Wishing to be at home once more,
 (Rather than hear those Cannons roar)
 Playing before her Ladies Fire,
 With all her puppy Brethren by her;
 Or rumpling of her Velvet Gown,
 As they might tumble up and down,
 Not fearing so much as a Frown.

“ For many a Dog of Quality,
 “ Can claim with ample Liberty,
 “ To act in such unusual Manner,
 “ As wou’d be Treason in another.”

This would I find Pug’s Temper fit,
 But woe for her! she now is bit;
 And must *per* force abide her Fate,
 Since to relent it is too late:

’Tis best then take an Heart of Grace,
 And learn all Dangers to outface;
 And when the Cannons roar again,
 Let her cock up her Tail and grin;

With an undaunted Courage bark, and then
She'll gain the Love of all the Men.

(Or else I doubt, if any Foe
Should chance with us to try a Blow;
She must with me, to Cockpit go.)

Then if she chance to die in Fight,
Her Elegy I'll surely write,
And speak of her Things truly bright.

" So when *Lesbia's* Sparrow dy'd,

" The whole House wrung their Hands and cry'd:

" *Catullus*, too in mournful Verse,

" Did the Bird's Virtues well express,

" And to the Life that Loss rehearse:

" And sure I'm bound to do no less."

But, e'er I end, I must tell why,
Poor Pug doth quake, when Danger's nigh.
Mopsy, I count, was big with young,
When some Maid with her busy Tongue,

Was

Was telling on a Winter's Night,
A doleful Story of some Sprite,
That she, to sleep, the Child might fright;
Which Mopsy then did overhear,
So in her Brood infus'd this Fear:

(Thus many Dogs do seem to sleep,
When they their Sense awake do keep,
And thro' their waking Eyes do peep)

" For Fright doth greatly influence,
" All teeming Creatures working Sense,
" And most are timorous or brave,
" As those that bore us did behave."

In fine, if she goes on to Sneak,
And, coward like, to Holes betake,
As I e'er now have seen her quake;
(Maugre my love) can nothing say,
But that she was a Run-away:

The which will be a foul Disgrace,
To all the Dogs of *Holland* Race.

Nay, this may cast a Blur on her,
 If she again visit *Windsor* :
 Ladies may ask, if Pug was brave;
 Or any signs of Valour gave;
 Then I can't fail to shake my Head,
 The Consequence of which I dread;
 For all will cry, is this the Slut?
 In whom such Confidence we put;
 That she wou'd in the Battle stand,
 To Execute her Lord's Command;
 And be a ready help at Hand.

Baggage! We meant to make thee great,
 By speaking to some Man of State;
 But thou hast baulk'd our good Design,
 And so this Punishment be thine:
 May you a brazen Collar wear!
 (Of Servitude the Badge to bear)
 Nor, may you henceforth loll at ease;
 On Squab or Couch, just as you please;

But be confin'd with Iron Chain,
 (Which can't be dragg'd without much Pain)
 Within a weather-beaten Box,
 The late abode of some rank Fox;
 Therein to live on well-pick'd Bones,
 And spend your Days in silent Groans;
 Nor once more Step within our Door,
 Since you betray'd a Spirit poor:
 This all your *quondam* Friends ordain,
 Since you your Family did Stain.

" If then a Share of direful Woe,
 " We in our Childhood 'scape to know;
 " Still let no one with SOLON say,
 " He happy is till close of Day:
 " For sad Misfortunes may befall
 " Those, whom some do happy call;
 " And one left-handed Chance may spoil,
 " The Fruits of our industrious Toil:"

Else P U G had never come to this,
To meet at last no welcome Kifs;
But have the Ladies at her Hifs,
And be spurn'd at by ev'ry Mifs.



ON



O N

Christian Henry Heiniken,

Born at *Lubeck*, Feb. 6, 1721.

R Edundant Nature ! thou dost rarely shed,
 Thy choicest Gifts into a younker's Head.
 But lo ! a Child at *Lubeck* born of late,
 Whose match no Age to come may e'er create ;
 Whose Wit and fund of Knowlege doth so flow,
 That it exceeds the Sum of what we know.
 The forward Boy out-strip'd his Tutor's Art,
 And in our Days doth wond'rous Things impart.

Oh !

Oh! was his Body strong as is his Mind,
Most useful Products he would leave behind,
And by his Labours profit all Mankind.
Snarler! If you suspect the Truth I tell,
Either believe me who attests it well;
Or else to *Lubeck* go, and there may see,
Of human Sciences this Prodigy.





A

D I A L O G U E.

A Constant flow of Sorrow dulls my Brain,
My Skull, like Vessels crack'd, will nought
(contain :

Thy din of laughter shews an empty Pate,
And, Dunce ! at last phrenzy will be thy Fate.

A N S W E R.

Thou Fool ! why dost thou spend the greatest part
Of thy short Life in anxious Care and Smart :
A stupid dullness on thy Brow doth sit,
Nor Art thou Master of one Grain of Wit.

Lingua



Lingua Juno tonat, &c.

THE Tongue of *Juno* makes sad clatter,
And wags most peevishly ;
'And *Jove* can dart his frightful Thunder,
From his Empyreal Sky.

But tho' his Bolts the World can shake,
And Mankind much affright ;
Yet with her Clack she makes him quake,
And that's her sole delight:

No marvel then if her weak Sex
Doth study how to tease ;
'And with loud Peals doth much perplex,
Fond us with little Ease.



A

Country LIFE.

YOU oft enquire why I from Town do stay,
And from such boon Companions steal away,
Or how I can the tedious Hours spend
Without a chearful Bottle and a Friend.
An Answer I'll return with all my Heart,
My whole Oeconomy of Life impart ;
That you may know, why I the Country chuse,
And why to lead my Life in Town refuse.
I rise by spring of Day, and on my Knee,
With humble Soul adore the Deity ;
For who would on his Deeds a Blessing find,
Must his Creator always keep in Mind.

I next unto the pleasant Fields repair,
 To get a wholesome Gust of Morning Air,
 And order what each Workman must do there.
 Some are employ'd to Till the fertile Ground,
 Others the Meads with quick-set do furround ;
 Some lay upon their Shoulders Hay to feed
 The stately Bull and all his horny Breed ;
 The Shepherd too drives out the harmless Sheep,
 Them on the *Downs* from hungry Wolves to keep :
 Thus to each one his Labour I assign,
 And to his proper Province do confine ;
 That so when they their sundry Task do know,
 Each Man to work with nimble speed may go :
 Next homeward I return and drink my Tea,
 Or if not ready take a Cup of Whey,
 Which is to be preferr'd as some do say.
 This done, into my Hand I take a Book,
 And in some celebrated Author look ;
 When I have por'd on him, and had my fill,
 I lay him down, and then to try my Skill ;

I do unbend my Thoughts, and so indite
A Song of *Phyllis* or of *Blenheim* Fight ;
For nothing more diverts the weary Mind,
Than when we Heroes sing or Lasses kind,
And tell of what each Swain doth long to prove,
The bitter sweets, and pleasing Pains of Love ;
Or shew how *Marlb'rough* gain'd an endless Fame,
When he push'd *Tallard* in the *Danube's* stream.
Into the wholesome Bath I next repair,
And when refresh'd, my Body rub with Care ;
For it doth much to lasting Health conduce,
Often the oily Bath and Brush to use ;
That you may supple each unactive Part,
And from your Bones expel Rheumatick smart.
When thus my Mind is render'd fresh and gay,
I strait to get my Dinner post away,
And on two homely Dishes keenly feed,
Nor do my stinted number scarce Exceed ;
For he that can't on two small Dishes dine,
Should never be a daily Guest of mine :

My

My cleanly Boy removes the dirty Things;
 And orderly a well-cork'd Bottle brings;
 Then when he has a row of Glasses put,
 He carefully proceeds the Doors to shut :
 The King we Toast, and all his Royal Line,
 And pray they may with glorious Lustre shine;
 This is my Vow as oft as e'er I Dine.

Mother-Church I carefully remember,
 Or else I should be deem'd a rotten Member.

Then e'ry Man is freely left at will,
 Into his Glas just what he please to fill;
 For I my Visitants do ne'er constrain,
 To drink what may intoxicate the Brain.

When we have sat a while, we choose to Walk,
 And of some solid Point most gravely Talk;
 Admire the hidden Seeds of Nature's Frame,
 How Earth and Sea with Air serene and flame,
 Fell thro' the void Expanse, and in that Fall,
 Did all unite and made this wond'rous Ball,
 Whereon we haughty Worms do stately crawl :

Or else with Thanks do celebrate God's Praise,
 Who safely guarded all our Infant Days ;
 And pray, that as our strength with Age decay,
 And worn with years our Vigour fades away ;
 He would at Death vouchsafe us all to lead
 Unto those lasting Joys that never fade.
 When Super-time draws on, the Boy doth tend,
 On sight of him we forthwith homeward bend ;
 Knowing full well the Maid has ply'd her care,
 That Sallading and Eggs should be our fare ;
 With Curds and Cream and Fruit, a fit repast,
 For sober Folks who do not live too fast,
 But wou'd in Life, like Father *Nestor* last.
 For if you would an healthy State enjoy,
 Do not at Night with Meat your Stomach cloy,
 Which may your vital Faculty destroy,
 At least with noxious Fumes the Brain annoy.
 In this fixt Method I my Life do lead,
 And to the Wife need no Excuse to plead,

E

Why

Why I from *London* Town so long absent,
 And tarry at my Cott, with such Content;
 Where rural Pipes delight the horny Beast,
 And make him on the grassy Mead to Feast;
 Where Lambkins by their Dams do sport each Day,
 While Lads and Lasses honey Words do say,
 And in sweet Mirth do toy the Time away. }
 Let no Man then a Country Life disdain,
 Void both of Pride and all luxurious Pain,
 In which the Peasant leads a happy Life,
 Merry, tho' poor, and free from galling strife.
 He then that wou'd enjoy a Life serene,
 Must much among the charming Fields remain,
 To view spruce Nature open in the Spring,
 And hear the warbling Birds in sweet Notes Sing;
 So pass obscurely all his peaceful Days,
 Affecting Studies of some noble Praise.



T H E

DISAPPOINTMENT.

MY Ardent Love inclines me much to be,
By Day or Night in your sweet Company :
I walk two Miles to visit you with trouble,
And when I home return, the Number's double ;
You often are Abroad, or else deny'd,
Or for your Clients or your self employ'd :
Two Miles are little, cou'd I see my Friend,
But four are tedious, when I miss my End.



O N

E N V Y.

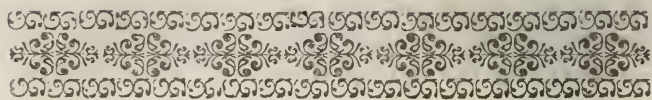
CÆSAR vouchsafes my little Works to praise,
 This doth the snarling Criticks envy raise:
 As I have been of Children three a Father,
 Their Malice to encrease, he hath gone farther,
 To grant me all the privilege of *Rome*,
 So ease my Troubles for the time to come;
 Nor did he let the proper Time to slip,
 To dignify me with the Tribuneship.
 This doth still more their Spight and Fury feed:
 Great Sir! give next to make them grieve indeed.



A

BEE entom'd in Amber.

HERE lies a BEE in this resplendent Tomb
 Made of pure AMBER, not a Hony-comb;
 Wherein she's lodg'd transparent to the Eye,
 Greatly delighting all the Standers-by:
 So fine a Monument was justly due
 To one that led a busy Life like you.
 And I suppose were she her Death to chuse,
 A shrine of AMBER she would not refuse.

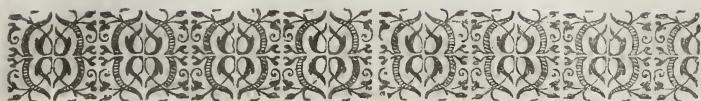


T H E
D I S T A S T E.

L *Inus* whom no Man loves, doth much admire,
 Why I into the Country do retire;
 It's prudent in me truly so to do,
 If only to avoid the Sight of you.



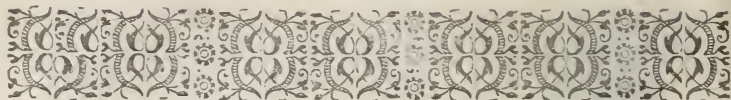
F A L S E



False SORROW.

GELLIA alone her Sire rare bewails,
 But publickly to Mourn she never fails:
 What ever Sorrow from the Heart is sent,
 We commonly in private Corners vent.





T H E

B U S Y - B O D Y.

THOU *Attalus* dost well declaim and plead,
 Art vers'd in Story, and the Muses trade,
 Composest Epigrams and Farces well,
 Knows Grammar Rules, and canst Mens Fortunes
 (tell ;
 Dost Sing by Book, for any Dance canst call,
 Handle the Harp and nimble play at Ball :
 Yet tho' thou canst perform all I have said,
 Thou art a B U S Y - B O D Y I'm afraid,
 Which all agree is far the worser Trade.

A



A

Good W I F E.

N *Igrina's* Happiness is doubly great,
Both in her Temper and her marriage State,
I scarce can trace another *Roman* Dame,
Of whom I can with Justice vouch the fame.
She plac'd such confidence in her good Man,
That its her Joy to please him all she can ;
And that immense Estate which was her dow'r,
She frankly gave into her Husband's Power,
Nor e're bestow'd on him one pouting low'r. }
When *Capaneus* his mortal Breath resign'd,
Mournful *Evadne* would not stay behind,
But as his Body on the Pile did burn,
She in the Flame with Resolution run.

Alcestes

Alcestes chearfully her Life did give;
 That her *Admetus* might be spar'd to live :
 But these are Instances of Passion,
Nigrina acted in a better Fashion ;
 She prov'd her love by giving all she had
 Up to her Husband, whether good or bad,
 Willing by e'ry act of hers to make him glad :
 So cou'd not badly misbehave at Death,
 Who was so good a Wife whilst he had Breath.





A

Partial Entertainer.

OUR Wine out of a Chrystal Glafs we ſup,
 You ever drink out of a Myrrhine Cup:
 It's no good Manners diverſe Cups to uſe,
 And jealouſy into your Gueſts infuſe:
 But, *Ponticus!* The Reaſon ſeems full plain,
 Our Liquor's bad, whilſt yours is neat *Champaign*:
 So ne'er expect my Company again;
 For I entirely ſcorn ſuch partial Men.



A



A

Scanty SUPPER.

V A R U S by chance invited me a Guest,
 The Ornaments were great, but small the Feast;
 His Table loaded was with Gold not Meat,
 Servants put much thereon, but not to eat :
 I fed my Eyes, but did not fill my Belly ;
 When next you catch me there, I'll tell ye ;
 Either provide some cheer whereon to feed,
 Or I shall scorn your stately Pomp indeed.



O N



O N

LIBERTY.

I Wish the Gods, faith *Maximus*, wou'd grant
 To me that Liberty I greatly want :
 I can with ready Thought acquaint him how,
 To gain the wish'd return of that his Vow.
 That Man is free who doth not cring or sneak,
 At rich Mens Boards their dainties to partake ;
 Chusing at home contentedly to Sup,
 His own sharp Wine out of an earthen Cup ;
 Scorning great *Cinna's* supercilious State,
 Who daily eats and drinks in massy Plate ;

Nor

Nor covets any better Garb to wear
Than what is wrought of home-spun Wool or Hair, }
The pure effect of his good Houfewifes care.
To such a State who e'er his Mind can bring,
Is far more free than any *Parthian* King.





O N

FRIENDSHIP.

IF I, of many Friends, but one could Name,
 Master of upright Faith and lovely Fame,
 Who had of *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues a part,
 Lodg'd in a truly simple candid Heart,
 Who never muttered any Prayer,
 That was unmeet the Deity to hear;
 Whose spotless Mind was his serene Support,
 To him, with constant Pleasure, I'd resort.





A

Profitable MORTALITY.

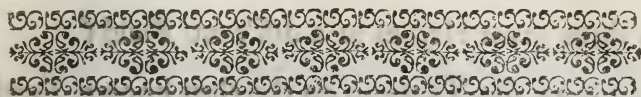
*P*HILL! in this Ground thou seven Wives
 (hast laid ;
 Such gain from one small Field none ever made.



A Toothless Old W O M A N.

*Æ*LIA once had Grinders four,
 At twice she cough'd them out :
 Since then Teeth now she hath no more,
 Cough she may another bout.

A N



A N

E P I T A P H.

O U R *Europe* and their *Asia* contains,
Of *Pompey's* Gallant Sons the brave remains ;
Cneius the Elder did his Life lay down,
In doubtful Fight near *Spanish Munda's* Town ;
Sextus the Younger at *Miletum* fell ;
But where the Father lies no Man can tell :
Some at *Pelusium*, say he was interr'd,
The major Part say rather, that he laid
When slain, expos'd on *Egypt's* fertile Strand,
But found no Grave from any pious Hand :
Still *Pompey* by himself and Sons did more,
Than any on the Globe cou'd say before :

Three parts thereof a resting Place did yield,
To three great Heroes in a diff'rent Field:
Thus they did Triumph on the then known Earth,
And made their End more noble than their Birth.
Tho' various Regions did their Dust entomb,
They signaliz'd their Names for time to come.





O N

DEATH.

DEATH stands not on morality or Care,
But doth his Work, and gives to each his
(share;

And when he gives his last and fatal Blow,
Our Soul to Heav'n, our Earth to Earth does go:
Life goes to Heav'n from whence it once did come,
Bids Earth Adieu, and what it hath therefrom:
Riches and Honours, which it once did love,
The Soul now loaths, and seeks to dwell above.
Learn, Mortals! then false Pleasures to condemn,
Those Treasures which the Soul must once condemn:

Seek rather for the Riches of the Mind,
Which you your Convoy to the Heav'ns will find,
Where weary Souls shall rest ; and gladly see,
Their Maker God a Triune Deity.



THE



THE

HOARDER.

AS When a swarm of Bees on *Hybla's* Hill
Come forth their little Bags with Thyme to
(fill,

The various Colours of their Wings display,

A Prospect truly beautiful and gay :

Like them thy Wardrobe, *Nævolus* ! doth shine

With silken Garments hanging on a Line,

And vests of Cloth or Stuff of e'ry kind,

That can be wish'd for by a wanton Mind,

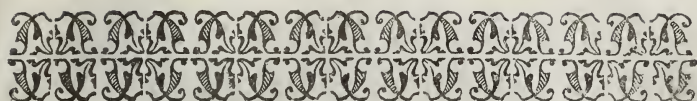
Whereof thou hast so great a Store,

That no Man living can have more.

But

But though thou few of those dost wear,
Yet still thy fordid Soul can't bear,
With one old threadbare Coat to part;
To save the Life of some poor honest Heart,
To screen him from the rigid Winter's smart.
Thou daily meets some shivering Brother,
Wanting a Coat his nakedness to cover ;
'And can't thine Eyes from such an Object turn,
Nor for his Sufferings shew the least concern ;
More willing thy rich Cloaths by Moth should perish,
Than any Friend with one cast Coat to cherish.





T H E

M I S T A K E.

WHEN *Scævola* resolv'd a wicked Deed,
Which was to make the great *Porfenna*
(bleed;

By strange Mistake he miss'd his naughty end,
Struck not the King, but slew his faithful Friend,
Which did his Royal Person daily tend. }

When he this bloody Act had rashly done,
The Court his fordid Carcass doom'd to burn,
For daring dauntless to Assassinate,
The sacred Person of a Potentate;
When brought directly to the scorching Flame,
He strait that erring Hand began to blame,

Vowing to burn it living for a Cheat,
For bungling basely in a Point so great ;
So thrust it forthwith in the blazing Fire,
Which Deed did make the Lookers-on admire,
And all to spare him instantly desire.
Thus from so great a Resolution,
The King deferr'd his Execution,
And did determine once a Life to save,
That doubly was so resolutely brave.
If guilty *Scævola* had kill'd the King,
To him it could no Fame nor Honour bring ;
But as he quickly thrust that Hand in Fire,
Which did so great a Man to slay desire,
He did thereby immortal Fame acquire.





A

SHARPER.

C*Ecil* last Night came in great Sorrow,
 Of me two hundred Crowns to borrow ;
 His Suit to grant I was unable,
 Then lend, said he, Plate from your Table ;
 For I have got a *quondam* Friend,
 Who means sometime with me to spend,
 And will from Cares his Mind unbend.
 Sure thou art Fool, or counts me so,
 Not somewhat of the World to know :
 I have a smaller Sum deny'd,
 And you have now with cunning try'd

}

To

To chouse me of ten times as much,
 And then, Knave like, leave Fool in lurch.
 Thou vile Poltroon ! I have the hap,
 To know thou art a flip'ry Chap.
 For if thou could'st but gain this Point,
 My Side-board would be out of joynt ;
 And then what would my Spouse have said,
 When all her pride away was fled ?
 For nothing stirs a Woman's Rage,
 Like parting with her Equipage :
 Give her but Jewels, Plate, and China,
 And you may turn her topsy-turvy ;
 But if you her of Trinkets rob,
 She breaks her Heart with many a Sob.
 For e'ry one in earnest cries,
 When they loose what they truly prize.



O N T H E

Pillar of Infamy

A T

M I L A N.

THIS Pillar stands erected thus, that all
A past dire Tragedy to Mind may call:
How on this Spot curst Villains once did dwell,
Of whose black Crime no one enough can tell.
For whilst a Plague at *Milan* once did rage,
Destroying numbers of each Sex and Age,

They

They basely join'd in one inhuman Mind,
With *Hemlock's* Juice to Poison all their kind ;
And laid pestif'rous Unguents ev'ry where,
That in one dire Infection all might share.
Hard hearted Wretches ! thus to murder those,
Whom yet the sweeping Plague to spare had chose ;
However Vengeance quick pursu'd this Deed,
And they to Punishment were dragg'd with speed :
Pincers red-hot their Flesh by peice-meal rent ;
Their Hands cut off before their Face, were sent
Into a Fire prepar'd ; their Bodies last,
Thus mangled, in an open Waggon pass'd,
Expos'd to all the Lookers-on, and then,
Upon the Wheel were broke those monstrous Men ;
That each Spectator might with Pleasure see,
Them both receive the price of Villany :
And that no Fragments of those Brutes might last,
Their very Dust into the Stream were cast.

Let none presume to raise that House again,
Or mention make of those two cruel Men;
But with a Brand of infamous Disgrace,
Proper to blacken all their distant Race.





A

New Year's - Gift.

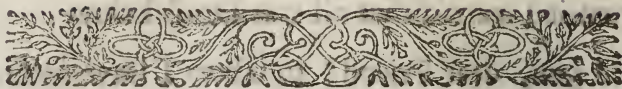
A Pious Woman who did kindly stand,
 Before the sacred Font with Heart and Hand,
 Me to enrol among the Christian Band,
 Gave me this best of Books for to peruse,
 That I the bad might shun, the good might chuse.
 Which *New Year's-Gift* warn'd me with great delight,
 Under the Cross against this World to fight :

'A Pledge of her sure love I did it take,
 It taught me never God's Commands to break,
 But wing'd my longing Soul to soar on high,
 And strive to mount above the starry Sky :

As

As my short span of Life did onward flow,
From it I learn'd that all was Dross below.
And you, dear Friend ! to whom I leave behind, }
The same good Book ; if you have any Mind, }
That pleasant Path which I have trod to find,
Let it your study be each coming Day,
And sure from God's good Laws you'll never stray.





On my Boy's being Whipt.

SURE some ill-boding Planet needs must shed,
Its baleful Influence on thy Roguish Head ;
For sitting in my Cabbin I did wonder,
To hear a Stranger at my Door to thunder,
Demanding speedy Justice to be done,
On Knave *Uriah Blackburn's* rusty Bum.
Said I, pray Sir, resolve me what's his Fault,
That he hath on himself such Evil brought,
Hath he in any theevish Act been caught ?
For I did hope he had been better taught :
Then really Sir the naked Truth to tell,
He has made of *Templeman* a Monster fell ;

Disguis'd

Disguis'd his little Phiz in such a Nature,
As none can know he is a fellow Creature ;
With Hands bedawb'd in Soot did him attack,
And has besmear'd him like a *Waltham* Black.

I'll leave you now to be the proper Judge,
If this doth not deserve an hearty Scourge.

I'm sure the Charge is back'd with Reason,
And all the Boys aver it petty Treason :

Permit us then to take him to the Gun,
So turn his Scut up to the merry Throng,
Where we his Breech will rub with Pickle,
And cause the Blood in Streams to trickle.

Uriah cry'd, Good Master ! me excuse,
To grant this humble Suit do not refuse ;
For, as it was a dark and dismal Day,

We thought, we might with one another Play :

I could incline thy Buttocks once to spare,

But if I should, alas ! I greatly Fear,

Next thou'lt proceed some worser Deed to dare ;

For ſince I have ſo fully try'd his Art,
There's not one here but does deſerve to ſmart,
'Cause in the Guilt they did perform a part :
So prithee ſerve them in the ſelf-ſame fort,
That they at me mayn't make their flouting Sport.
This ſhall however ſtill my Comfort be,
That they will take their turns another Day.





O N

King GEORGE, II.

NO Prince deserves to sway
 The Scepter of a Nation;
 But who with uprightness,
 Means to adorn his Station.

And that is BRITAIN'S King,
 Our Royal Sovereign Lord,
 Who Rules by Law at home,
 And makes us fear'd abroad.

O N



O N

P R O V I D E N C E.

L A S T *Saturday* thick Clouds did gather,
A sure presage of some bad Weather,
The Sea did swell, the Wind did roar,
The like scarce ever seen before :
I rashly thought what Fools were we,
To trust ourselves upon the Sea,
Or shew ourselves such vent'rous Fellows,
To sail upon the angry Billows,
Where we can't any Land descry,
Beneath is Sea, above is Sky ;

G 3

And

And swarms of Sharks around us lie,
Prepar'd to feize us, e'er we die.
After this Manner did I muse,
And sullenly my Food refuse ;
A Sweat ran down my fearful Body,
My Mind was fill'd with Melancholly ;
I then took down the sacred Book,
As soon as I therein did look,
A Propo I met a proper Place,
Which gave my Mind a present Ease ;
Which did afford me Satisfaction,
In that material Question,
Of the Divine Protection,
And banish'd all Distraction.
It taught me never to despair,
Of Heaven's gracious watchful Care,
God being ready still at hand,
Having the Wind at his Command,

And

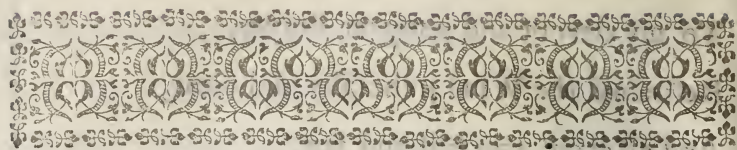
And in compliance to his Will,
The furious Waves lie still,
And both his Pleasure do fulfil.
If worthless Hairs from humane Head,
Without his Knowledge can't be shed ;
If the pleasing fragrant Lillies,
Growing in the silent Vallies,
Do make a far more gawdy Show,
Than any foppish princk'd-up Beau ;
Or if the Ravens that do hunger,
After Food need ne'er to murmur,
Finding each Day some fresh supply,
As they in quest of Prey do fly ;
If these I say such bounty share,
Without what we call Toil or Care ;
If God doth thus vouchsafe to mind,
Things less significant in kind ;
Surely much more may we rely,
On his immense veracity ;

Who promis'd never those to leave,
But would be ready such to save,
As do rely on Providence,
And thro' distrust give no Offence.
I then in humble sort did pray,
That to the Wind and Waves he'd say,
Your raging Force and Fury stay,
And on his Servants pitty take,
Out of his wonted Mercies fake ;
For we confess to be unworthy,
To sue for any share of Mercy,
But as we are thy Pastures Sheep,
Whom thou hast undertook to keep ;
Propitiously do thou incline,
To hear this humble Suit of Mine ;
And thankfully I'll ever Praise,
Thy Majesty in humble Lays.

God graciously did lend an Ear,
To my devout and pungent Prayer,
Restrain'd the Wind ; the Sky did clear,
And all about was still and fair,
So dissipated all past Fear.



A N



An impertinent OLD-MAN:

O *Afer!* thou hast number'd Eighty years,
 Thy meagre Chin is cover'd with gray hairs,
 Thy wither'd Body bends towards the Grave,
 And from the Ground thou scarce thy Limbs canst
 (heave;
 And yet thou daily tak'st a weary walk,
 And like a Snail to great Mens Levies stalk,
 That thou a Word may'st with the Consul talk.
 No Tribune can pretend to get abroad
 Till thou hast said, Good-morrow honour'd Lord:
 From thence thou to the Palace trots, and there
 Not any Minister of State dost spare;
 The Treasurer or other Peer in Pow'r,
 Whose Thoughts are full of business ev'ry Hour,
 With

With rude impertinence thou dost Attack,
Nay with strange freedom claps them on the Back.
Thus trifler ! thou dost vainly crawl about,
Only that snearing Folks may at thee flout,
And oft in Mens retirements dost intrude,
Which all agree to be an Action rude :
It's time to leave off such Impertinence,
To Men of active make and stronger Sense,
And not thy feeble Person over-strain,
Or put thy tired Limbs to so much Pain,
To make the prating World proclaim thee vain;
Then take Advice and from the Court abstain.
For tho' thou striv'st thine advanc'd years to cloak,
And lov'st to hear Men call thee heart of Oak ;
Yet nothing looks in old Age worser,
Than seeing grey Beards make much pother.



On a S H A R K seen.

AS Yesterday we plow'd the Ocean,
 And gain'd our way by speedy Motion,
 Who pop'd his Head up but a theivish S H A R K,
 The dread of Sea-f'ring Men, a subtle Spark ;
 Inur'd to Mischief, and who slyly watches,
 To catch them napping by their brawny Breeches :
 But they defy his greediness to Bite,
 Unless he ply at Privy, as they Sh — te.
 He's arch enough indeed to do that deed,
 And gulp a T — d rather than not to speed ;
 Oh! could they catch him with an Iron bait,
 They'd maul his Corps, and shred it into minc'd Meat,
 Or torture him some new invented way,
 As Tyrants Vassals kill with their despotick sway.



On a S H A R K taken.

ON *Sunday* last near six o'Clock at Night;
When the whole Element shone clearly
(bright,

No ruffling Wind appearing on the Main,
But all the Sea was smooth as any Plain;
We saw three S H A R K S undauntedly draw nigh,
As if they did the whole Ships Crew defy;
Swimming about in sport, from Head to Stern,
Shewing no Symptom of the least concern.
This put us all in some small panick Fear,
And made us instantly to arm prepare:

When

When ev'ry Man provided Bait or Gin,
 To try if they cou'd chance to haul one in.
 My private wishes ran with hearty will,
 That we might this devouring Monster kill,
 So his foul Carcass fully might survey,
 And view how all his Parts in order lay.
 We straightway fast'ned Flesh unto a hook,
 Which in his greedy Chops he forthwith took,
 But, cunning Rogue! he only meant to play,
 Gave it a scornful tofs, then brush'd away,
 As if in scent of some more dainty prey.
 Yet still I had the Satisfaction
 To see him move in full Extension :
 At length beginning all our hope to loose
 One from the Side let down a well-join'd Noose,
 Made of a Rope, which held his worship fast,
 The more he strove, the firmer he was lash'd.
 Thus we with chearful pleasure did destroy,
 A Beast, which Mortals frequently annoy.

As soon as he upon the Deck was laid,
For all his Cruelty he dearly paid.
One with an Ax, made haste his Tail to cut,
Another to his Throat a Knife did put ;
And all with eager joy did bear a Part,
To tear his Bowels open to his Heart.
The Doctor's thoughts turn'd on this Hinge alone,
Out of his rav'nous Head to save a Stone ;
Which healing Stone (as many do agree)
For divers ills is a sure Remedy.

Thereby in travail Women do obtain
A speedy ease from all their naughty Pain,
And which is best, fits them for Work again.

They next in order mutually proceed,
To perpetrate a rash and daring deed,
Resolving on his dang'rous flesh to feed.

Thus ev'ry mess or pot or pan prepare,
To cook with Spice what they call dainty fare,
Nay squabble who shou'd have the largest share.

Thus

Thus some Men are in truth so very rash,
 They'll boldly risk the eating any trash;
 Rather than any fancied good refuse,
 They value not a pin their Lives to loose:
 But ev'ry cautious Man doth well abstain
 From what may bring upon his Body pain.

Within this Creature griping Jaws there grows
 Teeth wond'rous keen and sharp in fundry rows;
 And by those Teeth their Age Men rightly knows.

But when they get within the reach of prey,
 They turn upon their backs as Sailors say,
 Nor can they swallow any other way.

Thus ev'ry Creature is by Nature taught,
 To get his living in a different sort.

Our Boatswain does assert, he once did see
 A SHARK in length full twenty feet and three,
 With fourteen rows of Teeth, a frightful sight
 Enough a stout beholder to affright:

And

And what I scarce can with Assurance tell ye,

He bore a black Hole within his Belly.

But least I should go on with him to tell

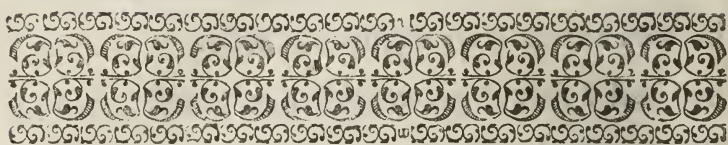
What may the Truth exceed, Rogue S H A R K !

(Farewel.



H

E P I-



E P I T A P H.

PORTIA, a Dame of *Sicily* lies here,
 Who when alive her Husband lov'd most
 (dear,
 And did so sadly mourn her sudden End,
 That he resolv'd his life in Tears to spend :
 And more to shew how well he always meant,
 He did erect this stately Monument ;
 A lasting token of his dear Respect,
 And of his true Concern no bad Effect.
 But tho' her Ashes in this Tomb remains ;
 Mistake me not as if it H E R contains,
 For she remov'd this noisy Scene to quit,
 Being for lasting Happiness more fit.



O N

A Swallow taken.

UNHAPPY Bird! what chance made thee to
(stray,
'And on the angry Main to loose thy way?
'As thou thy charming Mattins loudly Sung,
'And wak'd the Household with thy pratling Tongue,
Didst thou espy some loving Couple toy,
Or stol'n Pleasures secretly enjoy,
So indiscreetly to the World reveal'd,
What had in prudence better been conceal'd;
'And thus enrag'd those disturb'd Lovers vow'd
Destruction to thy Self and little Brood;

So from their Window tore thy plaister'd Nest;
Resolving thou should'st no more near them rest,
And Banish'd thee from that thy sweet repose,
Shelter to seek amongst some cruel Foes;
Tell me, is this thy Case? if thou confests
Prater! thy punishment shall be the less.
Only encag'd a Captive thou shalt dwell
That such rash Tales thou never more may'st tell,
Nor Lovers secrets blabingly relate,
Least next a worser doom should be thy Fate.





T H E

Swallow's E P I T A P H.

TH E Boys report, the Bird of mischeif's dead,
Nor cou'd life's burden longer bear ;
A guilty Mind sure made her justly dread,
That vengeance which, if living, she shou'd share.
For injur'd Lovers rarely can forgive,
Those wretched Miscreants that blast their Fame;
Wherefore she acted wisely not to live
Under so great a load of scorn and blame.

By our Award she buried ne'er shall be,
Either in mother Earth or briny Sea,
But crush'd in fell *Grimalkin's* griping Paw,
Amplly to glut her Bird-devouring Maw,

That prating Swallows mayn't hereafter chatter,
 Or tell such Tales as tend for to bespatter
 The private feats of any bashful Lover,
 Or rouse the wrath of any angry Mother.



ON



On a P O R P U S.

GREAT Numbers of Porpusses last Lord's-day,
Did on the Surface of the Water play,
Fearless of danger they merrily did Skip,
And in vast swarms did hover round the Ship.
Sailors report, they do fore-run bad Weather,
But I'm convinc'd that is a vulgar Error:
For when they rowl'd about, the Storm was past,
Nor was the Firmament with Clouds o'er cast.
The Sun did shine, the Sky was all serene,
And scarce one breath of Wind upon the Main:
One of our Mates (a most good-natur'd Man,
Who loves the Crew, and does what good he can,

And if so be bare Merit might take Place,
 I do foresee he will advance apace.)
 Did charge his Gun with Ball, and so let fly;
 And plainly wounded one amongst the fry;
 For Streams of Blood out of the Wound did pour;
 As she with nimble pace away did scow'r.
 Had any Boat been floating on the Water,
 The Men had ply'd the Oars, and caught her:
 Her hungry Comrades seeing this Distress,
 With quick dispatch to seize the Body press;
 Nor did it fail to prove a merry Sight,
 To see them all with eager madness fight,
 And earnestly contend to get the foremost bite.
 At length they under Water plunged down,
 But what ensu'd was to my Muse unknown.
 Whoe'er the Elder *Pliny* reads can't find,
 That any Creatures prey upon their kind,
 Except one Fish, a little rav'nous Pike,
 Who, as Experience shews, devours its like;

Whom

Whom I have seen, when open'd, carry,
Another of the same within its Belly.
If then another Creature does the same,
It must be him whom I'm ashamed to Name :
Some naughty Men are cruelly inclin'd,
And watch each Opportunity to find,
Not only how to blast their Neighbour's Fame,
And by malicious Stories work his shame,
But lurk in Roads prepared to knock down,
A naked Traveller to gain one Crown.
The Age abounds with Wretches that are bold,
To act the biggest Wrong to compass Gold,
And worse than Porpoises or Pikes would slay,
A Friend for Pelf that fell into the Way.
Man once was just, but Satan him entices,
From Virtue's Paths to follow wrong Devices.





ON OUR
SAVIOUR'S
LIFE and DEATH.

IN Ages past the Prophets did foretel,
That CHRIST on Earth wou'd come with Men
(to dwell :

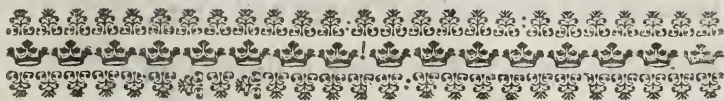
A Virgin pure in God's due time did bring
Into the World our spiritual King ;
In humane Nature born to save Mankind,
Walking before in Satan's Paths most blind,
Who pass'd his Life in spotless Innocence,
And wonder-working Good ; which gave Offence,
To

To unbelieving *Jews*, who hence contrive
 Him of his precious Life for to deprive.
Pilate an unjust Judge did Sentence give,
 That he on Earth shou'd now no longer live.
 The Rabble strait did CHRIST most rudely treat,
 And with sharp Stripes his tender Body beat :
 At length the measure of their Rage to fill,
 His Blood upon a shameful Cross did spill.
 Happy for Men, that he vouchsaf'd to die,
 And all the sting of Death pluck'd out thereby,
 That we might pass to Immortality.
 Disciples few (who saw him cure the Lame,
 And proper comfort give to all that came
 To seek his aid) did move his Corpse away,
 And buried it before the close of Day,
 Within a Tomb where none had lain before,
 A grateful Task ! since they cou'd do no more.
 Strange ! that so great a King should be content,
 To lie three Days in such a Monument.

Well

Well might the scoffing *Jews* in Triumph joy,
 For killing him whom did the World annoy,
 With teaching wholesome Precepts but severe,
 Such as they ne'er before were us'd to hear.
 But soon were those abash'd when he did rise,
 And round the Globe did raise a huge Surprise;
 Whose Resurrection endless Life did give,
 Both to himself and all that do believe :
 With Glory next he did to Heaven ascend,
 And did the self-same Happiness intend
 For those, who strive their wicked Lives to mend. }
 Be then prepar'd before he comes again,
 To share Rewards amongst the Sons of Men;
 Rewards to recompence the humble Heart,
 And plunge the Proud in Punishments to smart.





A

French IDLER.

HERE rests a Man who had no rest before,
Who bustled over, feigning Business store,
Scow'ring from Place to Place, but nothing more:
Before the Sun began to run its Race,
He from his Nest did rouse and dress'd apace:
One wou'd imagine he had great Affairs,
To get dispatch'd, but the reverse appears:
For this sham busy Man had nought to do,
But IDLER like to beat the Streets, and know
What was not his concern ; or take a Walk
With solid Dons in sober Chat to talk ;

About

About such serious Points as did relate,
 Greatly to benefit both Church and State.
 And thus begins : The Peace is surely sign'd,
 Matters are settled to the *Frenchmens* Mind :
 Our Plenipo's at *Utrecht* were too subtle,
 For Privy-Seal, and him that booz'd his Bottle:
Lewis, le Grand, with *Gallick* shrug, did say,
 His Foes most lavishly threw Blood away ;
 What Years had gain'd, surrendring in one Day.
 And *British* Statesmen swallow'd heaps of Gold,
 So for base Lucre *Europe's* Freedom sold ;
 When as their Troops had taken all their Citics,
 No Barrier left to keep them out of *Paris*.
 May *France* go on to bubble footy People !
 Who e'er attempt by War to give them trouble.

But I must halt here at his Lordships Door,
 After his Health to ask ; and know what Hour
 He Dines ; but more material, whether
 He and his Countess lies again together ;

For Fame reports he left her Bed in rage,
For some Intrigue with her outlandish Page.
Remembred well,----- I must congratulate
The Wag *Tom Fickle* on his marriage State,
'And pass my Judgment on his bridal Mate.
I'm glad with all my Heart he's noos'd at last,
In matrimonial Trap to hold him fast,
'And hope she'll pay him home for what is past.
For he was wont to brag, he'd ne'er be bound
Mutton to eat in one continued round ;
For he was blest with a politer Taste,
Than on one stale Commodity to feast ;
Nor wou'd in Shackles be for any she,
And loose the sweets of roving Liberty.
But now he's sped, it sure has been his doom,
To chuse a Wife that from his Bed will roam,
And tip him Justice, being so unkind,
To his old Mistress wanton *Betty Hind*.
Howe'er I'll warn him as a *quondam* Friend,
Just to begin as he designs to end ;

Least his fond Doxy shou'd expect more good,
Than he in prudent fort can well afford.

My Friends be patient : just step in here,
'A Child is born ; and ever there's good cheer,
'At such a jolly Time ; we'll have our share,
Plenty of Gossips Bowl with sugar'd Beer.
I can our welcome claim, for this good Man,
'And I have at the *Rose* top'd many a Can ;
From thence to Mother *Red-cap's*, and there lay
In the foul Arms of Strumpet *Sally May*,
'A Huzzy bold, but full of Wit and Gay.
'And that we her might well remember,
She gave us both the same Distemper ;
Nay, pox'd us to our very Hearts content,
So gave us cause our folly to repent.
If this his Spouse in Straw should hear,
Oh ! how she'd comb his Noddle, and then swear,
He ne'er on her shou'd get another Heir.

This

This to prevent, he'll treat us with the best,
 Cram us with Ham; and if he owns a Chest,
 Of *Florence* and *Champaign*, I'll lay my Life,
 We taste it soon, and eke salute the Wife:
 For he that can our wicked Pranks betray,
 When e'er he list, with ease Commands his Way,
 Both to our Friendship, and our Purse, and Will,
 Create our Fears, and give us Trouble still.

This Hatchment speaks a sad Occasion,
 I must condole a near Relation,
 Who lately lost a Husband fond and dear,
 But she'll provide another soon ne'er fear:
 For wanton Widows discreetly Sorrow,
 To Night this bury, marry that to Morrow.
 Besides, Folks talk of her strange Things,
 Which to her Kindred real Mourning brings;
 It's said, she privately a bold-Face keeps,
 Whose Teaguish Impudence with Madam sleeps,

Whom she hath sprucely cloath'd in rich Array,
 Proudly in Mall to strut each sunny Day,
 With Golden Cane, a Gem, and all that's fit,
 To make a Beau shine charming in the Pit;
 Where she that keeps him may from Box admire,
 The brawny Back of her Teaguelandish Squire.
 How vile a Creature is a wanton Woman?
 When she turns up to e'ry Man in common,
 Or wastes her Husband's Substance on a Stranger,
 And lets his Credit run to rack and manger.
 This was the good Man's Case that now is dead,
 Then on his Grave a briny Tear let's shed;
 And may the Earth lie light upon his Head!
 But oh! may she be pointed at by all,
 And the rude Mob in publick Street be-call,
 Her by her proper Name a W——e;
 For which, I doubt me, none can find a Cure:
 Then cast her Carcase in a Ditch of Mire,
 Where, like *Jane Shore*, she starving may expire.

Thus thro' a constant round of endless Toil,
This Man his tired Body did turmoil :
His run of Life was all impertinent,
Spent much amiss, abstract from all Intent,
Of doing any kind of good in Life,
An Idle Mischief-maker ! loving Strife,
One who watches all his Neighbour's halts,
But over-looks his own far greater Faults :
For he that censures others need look well
Unto himself ; nor yet delight to tell
Ungrateful Truths, which gen'rous Breasts forbear }
Either to know, or if they know, don't care }
Should be instill'd in any stand'rous Ear : }
Least he incur the real ridicule,
Of wiser Men who live by Virtue's Rule.
Learn from this saunt'ring Man your Time to spend,
In Studies worthy of some noble End ;
That none may you Reproach, or Jeering say,
He did in roving throw his Time away,
Or doing nothing, or in purpose base,
Whereby he human Nature did disgrace.



A

Malefactor Executed.

WE had a Custom formerly,
When Felons were condemn'd to die,
If they their Neck-Verse cou'd but read,
That time they were from Gallows freed.
The Priest by order op'd the Book,
The Criminal thereon did look :
Reads he, or not, the grim Judge cries,
He reads my Lord, the Priest replies.
Then put him by, we spare *Jack Ketch*,
The pains of trussing up the Wretch :
But if in Court a second Time,
He stands arraign'd for any Crime,

A

A shameful End he must expect,
 As *British* Laws do well direct ;
 The Judge his Sentence must declare,
 And bid him speedily prepare ;
 For *Monday* Se'nnight he must ride,
 With Halberdeers to be his Guide,
 And a vast Mob close by his Side.
 Up *Helborn-Hill* in Cart of State,
 To meet at *Tyburn* Tree his Fate,
 And shake his Head when it's too late.
 There see his Neck with Rope be ty'd,
 And by the Clock an Hour abide,
 To warn Spectators to beware,
 That they in turn may ne'er come there ;
 Since, see they may, it is a sad Thing,
 To hang, Dog-like, in hempen String,
 And have the Songsters roar his Ditty,
 At e'ery Corner of the City ;
 And Sing, he was a comely Man,
 Deny the Truth if any can,

When

When he hath hung till surely dead,
Then under *Tyburn* make his Bed ;
For he must not in Church-yard lie,
Who brought himself to Infamy.
Or if the *Surgeons* do desire,
The Body, that they may enquire,
Into the Frame of e'ery Part,
To know the most of Nature's Art ;
And gain by that dissection,
More Skill in their Profession :
We lay a strict Command on *Ketch*,
That they his Corps may freely fetch,
That it Anatomis'd may be,
And butcher'd with Dexterity,
In Form of Skeleton to scare,
Those Country Girls who come from far,
To see his Bones stand in a Case,
With meagre Phiz and frightful Face,
And so go home and tell the Mother,
They ne'er desire to see another.

For all the Stories e'er we heard,
 Ne'er made us half so much afraid.
Surgeons sure are sorry Creatures,
 Thus to deface human Features;
 Nay truly Mother, we suppose,
 They stuff the Skins to fright the Crows :
 So pray, let's never them employ,
 Who love our Image to destroy ;
 But if we do a Wound receive,
 Heal it with any home-made Salve,
 Nor suffer them our Limbs to handle,
 Who will not cure but rather mangle :
 Nay, sooner than want bloody Work,
 (Far worse than any *Jew* or *Turk*)
 They steal the Dead from holy Ground,
 Nor care a Pin if they be found,
 With a dead Corpse upon their Back,
 Cram'd by false Sexton in a Sack.
 Thus no one's sure to lie in Grave,
 If any vile and cruel Slave,

Shall

Shall dare our dearest Friends to steal,
Whose loss we constantly bewail.
Wherefore it is our true Intent,
To rise upon them by consent,
And drive them to some barren Shore,
Where they may ne'er do Mischief more;
Save one another kill and slay,
To glut the Hunger of the Day;
When, may some greedy rav'nous Beast,
Take the last Wretch, and on him Feast!
For I am sure all Girls will join,
To execute this brave Design,
That when we come in turn to die,
We may in Peace and safety lie;
Since Government is so remiss,
As not to punish them for this.

F I N I S.

